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in the discomfiture of the latter, and the disappointment is far more bitter than that experienced at the London World's Fair in 1862, when Broadwood came out first on the list and Steinway eighth. Still as, in both cases, they coolly and deliberately advertise throughout the country, that they came out first over several hundred competitors—that they achieved an unparalleled triumph, and other grandiloquent assertions equally truthful, what can it matter to them whether they really got the first prize or not? An assertion repeated a hundred thousand times through every public channel comes at last to be believed, and even if it is not true, it is as good as true for humbugging a too confiding public.

The addition of the Decoration of the Legion of Honor to their rival's medal, is a sturdy fact which all their ingenuity cannot overthrow, although they have worked their organs well to depreciate the value of the Decoration, and to pervert the motive of its bestowal. In the face of this fact they cling desperately to that *canard*, about first, second and third medal, claiming, of course, and without any authority, that they received the first. We are inclined to think if there is any material difference in the medals, that John Broadwood & Sons of London, who distanced them so terribly in 1862, will be again No. 1 on the list.

The disappointment would not be so great in this instance, if they had not blazoned it forth to the world, two months in advance of any decision, that they were the first!—unparalleled!—tremendous!—the greatest in creation, and so on.

The article in the last *Weekly Review*, to which we are replying, smacks much of Fourteenth street authorship. We hardly think that the many-tongued Editor of the *Review* did more than correct the text, and improve its English phraseology. It smacks of the salesman, the Custom-House sinecurist, a little of the "Sport," and a great deal of the advertising agent. But it is cunningly and plausibly devised, although too shallow to deceive any but the uninitiated. Its weakest part, is its snivelling appeal to other piano-makers—makers, whose very existence the great house, in its swelling pride, would scarcely have acknowledged two months ago. This is a great fall, my countrymen, and we hardly think this late condescension will be received by "our eminent manufacturers," with the unbounded gratitude which so flattering a pat on the shoulder deserves, more especially as this appeal is based on a false issue, namely, the over-stringing of pianos.

All the articles which have appeared in this paper, whether original or translated, refer to the over-stringing of Grand pianos; but in order to present a false issue, the

composite writer of the second-hand article in the *Weekly Review* appeals to makers, the majority of whom, have not yet ventured upon the manufacturing of Grand pianos, but who, if we may judge by the infinite superiority of their Square pianos, will certainly avoid the errors of the Steinways, when they do enter the lists with Grands.

Whether Chickering & Sons were the first or the last to adopt the over-stringing, is of no consequence to us; the real point with which the public should be acquainted is this;—the system of over-stringing Grand pianos was tried, and thoroughly tested several years since, by the, acknowledged, greatest European manufacturers, Erard, Broadwood and Pleyell, and by them abandoned as useless, because a Grand has ample scope for parallel stringing. The two systems, the parallel and the overstringing of Grand pianos, have again been brought prominently forward for consideration, at the Paris Exposition, and the result has justified the judgment of the great masters above named, for the overstringing, in Grand, has again been pronounced useless, and inferior to the old system, by its application, as demonstrated in the Steinway pianos, exhibited there. Perhaps the system would have met with more favor, if other of our makers who use the same system, had been permitted to exhibit at the Paris Exposition.

Over-stringing in Square pianos, has received universal endorsement, for reasons familiar to every one, and it is conceded by every competent judge, that the American Squares are unequalled in the world. But it will be admitted, if, as the *Review* is made to say, Chickering & Sons are the only makers left in the United States, who adhere to the parallel system of stringing Grand pianos, it is certainly an argument in favor of the system, if the great reputation of their instruments be taken into consideration.

The most formidable champion of the over-strung Grands is Knabe of Baltimore, whose pianos are certainly superb; and Steck upholds the system with a strong hand in New York; while the young firms, Kindt & Manz, the New York Pianoforte Co., and Calenberg & Vaupel, are bringing forward powerful claims to distinguished consideration. Gentlemen, it is a free fight, and, with the majority, it is a courteous and fair one, and we watch it with interest.

While acknowledging the splendid specimens of over-strung Grands, we are, for the substantial reasons frequently expressed, in favor of the parallel system of stringing, and we are convinced that the makers who have so distinguished themselves by manufacturing on the new system, would have arrived at the same, we think greater results, by bringing their high intelligence to bear upon the old system, with a grander scale. The

judgment rendered in Paris, will certainly be well weighed by our makers, and cause them to make a thorough examination of the subject, and that result will be of incalculable importance to the future of the pianoforte. Most of them know that the era of coarse loud tone has passed, and that quality and not quantity will be the future test of excellence. We shall be content to abide by the verdict of their united intelligence.

The high toned and respected French Musical Journals, so coarsely abused in the extensive columns of the *Review*, are fully able to defend themselves; their well earned honorable character, cannot be injured even by the praise of that paper. It naturally feels sore at the merited rebukes it has received from them, for publishing the gross misstatements of its Correspondent in Paris. The odium it has incurred abroad, should render its services doubly valuable in this city. The personal remarks in the article we shall pass by, for the present, but we shall remember them when the time comes to reply to them.

(From the *Courier des Etats-Unis.*)

THE PIANOS AT THE EXPOSITION.

We have received from M. A. Wolff of the house of Pleyell Wolff & Co. the following letter addressed by him to the *Belletristisches Journal* of this city, but which refused to publish the rectification it contains.

A. M. le directeur der *Belletristisches Journal*, à New York.

Sir,—I rely upon your impartiality to rectify an error committed by your European Correspondent in his third letter from Paris, published in the number of Friday, May 3d, 1837. I read in the second and third paragraphs of this letter, the following:—"A member of the Jury, M. Auguste Wolff, the head of the firm of Pleyell & Co., after having heard the pianos of Steinway, declared that they would at once retire from competition."

I am compelled formally to deny this assertion. I have made no such declaration; I have felt no necessity, even after playing upon the pianos of M. Steinway, for taking such a step.

Our house has obtained the first prizes at all the Expositions; we were already beyond competition in 1849, and in 1855 we obtained the Medal of Honor. In 1862, our Chef, M. Auguste Wolff, was a member of the International Jury of the *Exposition Universelle* in London. He was one of the Jury on admission of the *Exposition Universelle* in 1867, and was also chosen as associate member of the Jury of the same Exposition. It is in this capacity I have been called upon to examine the pianos of M. Steinway, and all the other musical instruments. My position as member of the Jury,

has, from principle, precluded us from competing. It is but natural that those manufacturers who have already obtained the highest honors, should leave the field open to new comers, and although their mission is difficult, they must judge honorably, and accord the recompense to those who in their turn may merit it.

I beg of you, M. le directeur, that you will have the kindness to insert my letter in your next number, and I beg you to accept my sentiments of high consideration.

AUGUSTE WOLFF,

Chef de la Maison Pleyell Wolff & Co.

Another *canard* exploded! Another bare-faced Munchasuenism come to grief! It is truly a misfortune to possess so lively and unscrupulous an imagination—a misfortune for the writer and for those of whom he writes, as the falsehoods brought home, expose both parties to ridicule, and to something worse.

TERRACE GARDEN CONCERTS.

The continued fine weather is clearly in favor of this popular entertainment, as it enables thousands to visit the Garden and enjoy the delightful music. A wet night, though it does not prevent many earnest lovers of music from attending, is a sad disappointment to hundreds of others, who long to go, but dare not.

Although the favorite selections of last season, still remain the favorites of the public, the new pieces which Mr. Theo. Thomas has brought with him, are not only popular but beautiful, serving to make up every evening a varied and charming programme.

The Fifth Sunday Evening Concert attracted a crowded and overflowing audience, and the Sixth, which takes place to-morrow evening, will doubtless prove equally attractive.

LITERARY.

Demorest's Monthly Magazine, for August, is one of the best numbers yet issued. In its general "get-up" it is certainly one of the most tasteful and elegant magazines published. The typography is exquisite, and the initial letters give pleasing variety to the pages, and are in the best possible taste. This Magazine presents many marked attractions. It has a large list of talented contributors, who furnish a great variety of excellent matter, both in prose and poetry; some of the engravings are excellent. Each number contains several pages of good and popular original music by well known authors, and the Fashion Department is more copious and complete than in any magazine in the country. It is a work that no lady should be without, and this fact seems to be appreciated, for its circulation already exceeds forty thousand monthly.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TRENTON FALLS, July 11, 1867.

What's in a name, is a question very often asked, Dear Editor, and not always satisfactorily answered.

In the above case, I would say, the name of Trenton is so thoroughly associated in the mind of almost every one with New Jersey, that they find it difficult to remember that the Falls are situated about 15 miles from the charming little city of Utica, in New York State.

N. P. Willis once said that one of the most embarrassing of dilemmas, in addressing a person, is not to know the amount of his information on the subject in hand. That is my position now. I have only had a glimpse of this region, and you may know every rock by its countenance, for all I can tell.

However, I must risk it.

We are a party of seven. A little description of us by way of introduction is *en règle*. First comes one of the most graceful of women and her liege lord—Mr. McL., a well-known lawyer of Utica. Then one whom we will call the Professor, and his wife; she is dressed in pure white, round hat and all. Oh, how pretty she is; no wonder the Professor's looks are always resting on her sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks. Next comes little madcap Wiginska, who is so full of mischief that I have insisted on her wearing a scarlet cloak, that I may keep her continually under my eye, as well as enliven the scenery, as Willis suggested ladies should do, by wearing bright colors when rambling about the woods and rocks.

We have a tenor from Boston also, of the party, who is a general gallant, dividing his attentions equally among the fair ones. We are all fair.

For my own part, I have lost considerable of my identity, and find myself looking somewhat like the little woman of olden time, whose dog barked at her. Here am I in a short dress, the first I've worn since I was a little girl, and if it were not for that little madcap Wiginska's eternal Madame here, Madame there, assuring me that I am myself, I should have remained in uncertainty on the matter. But the dress is suitable for the work before us, which is to climb and scramble up ledges and rocks, till we reach the grand Fall—a mile ahead of us.

We came by the train to a station about a mile from Mr. Moore's Hotel. Here we took an omnibus to the house. The ride is very rough and hilly; there appeared to be a great crushing of geological specimens as we went along.

The entrance to the Ravine is only a little distance from the Hotel. We descend to it by an uneven stairway almost hidden by shrubbery. The narrow gorge comes suddenly in view, with its black stream at base flowing along with a palpable thickness very unlike water—ever rushing on till it finds the Mohawk. One may almost say that the Ravine is regularly paved; it also has perpendicular rocky walls on each side—the sky above like a crystal roof, covers us in.

Wherever you look there appear signs of an eternity of time having passed over these rocky beds and walls, and we are almost dumb with wonder as we gaze around. Up and on we go by a pathway, hewn or blasted out of the massive rocks, taking care to keep near the iron chain riveted into the rocky wall as an aid within grasping reach. Here we see at moments a furious rapid—or a leaping water-fall—or a threatening, whirling gulf,

that draws all down that comes near it. Now we come to a point where all have to bend. This passed and we are at the most glorious spot yet seen, called the High Falls. There the whole river comes tumbling over, but varied in points as to quantity. You may laugh when I tell you my first thought on seeing this Fall, was of an orchestra. The music was not all in my brain, for the waters had the very disposition of an orchestra. Yonder in curling glittering streams are the first violins, on the other side the violas and second violins—on another parapet are large wind instruments, and on the right the delicate flutes, clarionets, and oboes, below this the unmistakeable double-basses and violincellas, etc. I saw one prominent glistening amber stream quite separate. Ah, thought I, that must be the conductor's place—but no, that won't do, now-a-days the conductors get into the middle of the orchestra, so I suppose he is *there* although I can't see him. My bright little stream must be a solo singer, with its golden threaded song gushing forth. Some of our party said the waters roared; but I, with my ideal orchestra, heard only exquisite music full of harmony. Madcap Wiginska jumped about and clapped her hands, picked up scraps of wood and threw them in the water to see where they would go—he said. The poor wits were to sed from parapet to parapet, just showing themselves above the foaming waters, then dashing down to be seen no more by us.

No one could describe the effect of this place, to the satisfaction of another person. There stands the Professor's pretty wife all of a tremble—hardly daring to look at the foaming torrent. The Professor enjoys it you can easily tell, by the short, jerky little laugh he gives, which makes his chest heave like a little baby's. He gets so near the edge he makes me nervous. Our tall lawyer takes off his "Southern principle" hat, as I call it, (a very broad Panama,) runs his fingers through his iron-gray hair, and draws a long, deep breath, as he watches the tons of water dashing down—down. Little Wiginska insists on it the water is wavy, and looks as if it had been crimped—I suppose she meant with hair pins. You see what opposite ideas come into the minds of different people. The lawyer's lovely spouse has a religious look—a tear stands in her eye, and, tho' silent, seems to exclaim: Great are thy works, oh Lord!

We all enjoyed the scene according to the peculiarity of our temperaments. Some of us minded the spray—I did for one, and thanked my stars that I had brought a plaid shawl, for protection from its penetrating endeavors to get near me.

All of us, at the suggestion of Mr. Tenor that the pic-nic dinner was all ready in the woods above, became the most uninteresting of ordinary mortals and clambered up the steeps, like young goats on their native cliffs, to the appointed spot to dine. I felt indignant at myself that I should be so very hungry and unromantic at such a place; so, looking about me, I discovered a tree with a deep hollow, and, putting my plaid shawl around me, I ensconced myself, half sitting, half reclining, in the woody retreat. You would have taken me for a Dryad, as was suggested by some one at the moment, looking incensed at being disturbed by intruders, and at the invasion of my sacred precincts, may be ten thousand years old, as is testified to by numerous fossil organic remains here.

C. M. B.